As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

Humphr. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake,
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.

Exet Duke *Humphrey.*

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage,
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streets,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus blesse your royall exellence,
With God preserue the good Duke *Humphrey*.
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate.

Exet Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of *Somerset* be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke *Humphrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Somerset. Thanks cosin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of *Suffolke*,
Weele quickly heaue Duke *Humphrey* from his seate.

Buck. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exet Buckingham and *Somerset.*

Salsb. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,

My

My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall
Sweare, and forsweare himselfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.
Cosin *Yorke*, the victories thou hast wonne,
In *Ireland*, *Normandie*, and in *France*,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue *VVarwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,
Is of no litle force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke *Humphrey* may his state possesse,
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne.

VVarw. For griefe that all is lost that *VVarwick* won,
Sonnes. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
Why *VVarwick* did win them, & must that then which we wonne
with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.

Yorke. As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to
haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King *Henry*
giues away his owne.

Salf. Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

VVar. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is lost,
Which *VVarwicke* by maine force did win from *France*,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slaine.

Exet Salsbury and *Warwicke.*

Yorke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of *France*,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.
A day will come when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
And make a show of loue to proud Duke *Humphrey*:
And vvhen I spie aduantage, claime the Crovvne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:

Nor

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